

Fortunate Son

Creedence Clearwater Revival



Some folks are born
Made to wave the flag
They're red, white and blue
And when the band plays
Hail To The Chief
They point the cannon at you, Lord

It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no senator's son
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate one, no

Some folks are born
Silver spoon in hand
Lord, don't they help themselves
But when the taxman
Come to the door
Lord, the house look like a rummage sale

It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no millionaire's son
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate one, no

Some folks inherit
Star spangled eyes
They send you down to war, Lord

And when you ask them
How much should we give?
They only answer
More, more, more

It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no military son
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate one, no

It ain't me, it ain't me

I ain't no fortunate one, no
It ain't me, it ain't me
I ain't no fortunate son, no

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